1: Jenness--89 (1913-16) 1922 Copper Eskimo
116, 231, 492, 556

"Formerly everything except the stores of food and blubber could be carried on a single sled. The last few years, however, have seen a great increase in the amount of property each family owns.

When the expedition finally left this region in 1916, Ikpakhuak had acquired so many possessions that he was forced to convey them in relays whenever he travelled; and the same was true of other natives. Naturally they require more dogs now to drag their sleds; the problem of feeding them has been rendered a little easier by the introduction of firearms. When Mr. Stefansson first visited these Eskimos very few men had more than two dogs apiece (1); now four and even five are not at all uncommon."

"1. Anthrop. Papers, A. M. N. H., Vol. XIV, pt. I, p. 238."

1: Jenness--105 (1913-16) 1922 Copper Eskimo
116, 231

"The spines of small fish not particularly rich in oil may be thrown to the dogs with other scraps. The dogs fare rather badly at this season -- the late spring and early summer --for they receive hardly anything but fish-bones and broth; much depends, however, on the quantity of food in camp at the time."

1: Jenness--165 (1913-16) 1922 Copper Eskimo
116, 231

"In the summer of 1915 one of Avranna's dogs had a litter. One pup he kept for himself, another he gave to Tutsik. Each man took his pup into a tent and massaged it. Avranna, placing his poor little victim between his knees, pulled out its legs one after the other to make them grow big, and twisted its tail so that the dog would always hold it curved over its back, which the Eskimos regard as a mark of beauty and of health. Next he held the pup up to his face and expanded its nostrils by blowing into them; it would thus become keen-scented and able to follow a trail and to discover the seal-holes under the snow. In order that so important a quality should not be left to chance he expanded the nostrils again with the eye of a needle. Then he stretched its body to make it grow big, and fastened round it a miniature harness that had been made for the occasion by his wife. Holding the trace in his teeth and the pup in his hands he pulled the line taut several times, thereby ensuring that the dog would be a good worker when hitched to the sled. To make it strong for packing loads in summer he placed his heavy tool-bag on its back and forced it to execute a kind of march. It should be swift in pursuit, so he rubbed an arrow along its belly between its legs; and fierce in attack, so he bit its head and body and feet till the poor animal writhed and howled with pain, and its mother outside nearly ripped the tent to pieces in a frantic effort to rescue her offspring. Last of all it should be quick to pounce on seals, so he knocked its mouth against a strip of blubbery sealskin. At each stage of the operation he murmured into

its ear, exhorting it to grow big and active, to pounce on seals, and to do and become everything that befitted a perfect Eskimo dog."

"One of Higilak's dogs bore a litter of six pups, only two of which could we possibly carry along with us. It gave Higilak great pleasure to crush the heads of the other four with a stone; 'Will you never die?' she cried, as their little bodies lay quivering on the ground. She called Kanneyuk and myself to watch the slaughter, but to Kanneyuk's credit be it said that she fled from the sight with tears in her eyes.

Notwithstanding such cruelty towards blind and helpless pups, the dogs that are reared by the natives are treated with great kindness in most cases. (1) They have the status of servant children, as it were, and are named, like real children, after the dead relatives of their owners. I heard a man tell a woman one day to tie up his 'grandfather,' meaning a dog that had the same name as his grandfather. (2) Whenever her

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"1. Mr. Stefansson's picture of their life (Anthrop. Papers, A.M.N.H., Vol. XIV, pt. I, p. 241), is nevertheless a little too rosy. Cf. Parry, Vol. IV, p. 28 et seq."

"2. Children are never called by the terms of relationship that would be applicable to the persons after whom they are named. Avranna, for example, never called his child 'father,' though it was named after his father. This is an important point of difference between the Copper and the western Eskimos, reflecting the difference in their conceptions of the after-life."

dog was nosing about the house Higilak would cry in a high-pitched, ironically-seductive tone arnennoak, 'girl,' and the dog would slink out of doors again. A dog began to howl one night outside our tent, and she cried tikitlutin tikitugalluak 'And yet you have reached the end of your day's journey.' Of the two pups that she kept in the summer one was given to Kanneyuk, and both mother and daughter carried them in the hoods of their coats, or in a bag on their backs, until the animals were strong enough to walk. Ayallik's old wife during one winter migration carried a little pup snug and warm in her boot-leg. In winter dogs with pups are sheltered in the house at the back of the sleeping platform, or in a cosy nook especially constructed for them in the wall; their bed is strewn with willow-twigs, over [240] which is usually laid a seal-skin. The other dogs sleep in the passage, and as soon as their masters have dined they are called in one after another to drink a ladle of broth or eat a little seal-meat and blubber; for the strips of lamp blubber from which most of the oil has been consumed are always reserved for the dogs, who receive in addition, during seasons of plenty, some of the meat and the intestines, besides unlimited quantities of blubber still attached to the skin. As each dog finishes its portion the woman drives it back into the passage again with a raucous sound as though she were clearing her throat, and the command is supplemented with a sharp blow from the snow duster if it dares to delay a single moment. Some dogs are fonder than others of prowling inside the house among the feet

of the visitors, and their owners will shout at them, 'You dog, you are always inside, will you never go out?' (1) It is not often that the Eskimos strike their dogs, apart from an occasional blow to drive them out of the house; but whenever they do strike they strike hard. Inveterate fighters and trouble-breeders naturally receive the most punishment, and I have seen dogs almost mutilated with a stick. The more usual method, however, of cooling the passions of a troublesome dog is to tie a string round its neck and push one of its fore-feet through the loop so that the animal hobbles along on three legs. In summer, when there is no danger of the limb becoming frozen, a dog may be left in this condition for two or three days. Dogs always fare worse in summer, for they are kept constantly tied up by their harnesses (except when travelling) to prevent them from stealing the meat with which the camp is littered; and they

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"1. The Copper Eskimos in speaking to their dogs use either the 2nd person imperative or the 3rd. Thus they may say either 'kimmik takanna annili' Dog down there, let it go out,' or simply 'kimmik takanna itereaglutin,' Dog down there, go out.' Cf. Stefansson, Anthrop. Papers, A.M.N.H., Vol. XIV, pt. I, p. 267."

are muzzled as well when there are caribou in the vicinity. Instead of the satisfying seal-meat and blubber they receive only fish-bones, and fish- and caribou-broth, with the entrails and a little of the lean meat of the caribou when food is plentiful. Then they have to work harder at this season; instead of hauling a sled ten miles every fortnight or three weeks they pack an equal distance nearly every day with loads of from twenty to forty and even fifty pounds on their backs. The sleekest and best-nourished dogs of winter become lean and scrawny, with their ribs almost cutting through their skins. Yet their hardships must be attributed to the conditions under which they live, not to the cruelty of their owners. The Eskimo knows that his own comfort, if not his very existence, depends on his dogs, and the better he uses them, the more faithful will be their service. Instances of cruelty do occasionally occur, but the majority of the natives are kind and indulgent masters to their dogs, and reciprocate the affection that their dogs obviously feel for them."

2: Stefansson--50 (1908-1912) 1914 Copper Eskimo
231

"Each is followed by his dogs, one or more, but never over three, for a man who is wealthy enough to own three dogs is sure to have a grown son or a dependent who also goes sealing and needs a dog."

2: Stefansson--52
116, 225, 231

(1908-1912) 1914

Copper Eskimo

"When a seal has been caught, if the village be not far off, the hunter often sends the dog home dragging the seal by the harness which the hunting dog always wears, while he stays in the hope of getting another; if the village be far off (three to five miles) the seal is not taken home till evening. Some hunters, discounting success, will take along two or even three dogs, sending one dog home each time a seal is caught."

2: Stefansson--238 (1908-12) 1914 Copper Eskimo
231, 117

"May 19. Dogs. Dogs are not numerous. Most people have two dogs and the largest number I know of is four. They are on an average about fifty pounds if in flesh but are rather thin now, though not skinny. They seem to get nothing but bones and blubber and not much of the latter, judging by how greedily they eat when fed, a dog soon is satiated with blubber. At Haneragmiut there were fourteen dogs to five families. Here I have not been able to count them. The color is generally black with light spots over eyes, a stripe on breast and belly and often white hairs in under side of tail, with white tips. But there are many other colors from roanish gray to black; would pass for mongrel farm dogs, any of them."

2: Stefansson--241
231, 117

(1908-12) 1914

Copper Eskimo

"Treatment of Dogs. Their kindness to their dogs, a uniform trait I believe of all un-influenced Eskimo, is even greater than I have ever seen before. One of the dogs will every few minutes come and stand with his head in the doorway. He invariably gets a bone or piece of blubber. They can spare no meat now, but they do not clean-pick bones as western Eskimo do, and if someone tries to drive him off, another member of the family will protest 'You cannot expect a hungry dog not to beg for food,' 'Drive him away with a bone and not a stick,' etc. The dogs wear their harness all the time, and when they fight they are not beaten apart, as is the custom farther west, but pulled apart by the harness, which seems to be left on for this purpose. I saw one dog struck with a small stick, but he was an inveterate trouble breeder."

2: Stefansson--267 (1908-12) 1914 Copper Eskimo
231, 117

"Dog Language. Dogs are never addressed imperatively in first person, always in third. Lie down, akūvilli (let him lie down), not akūvittin (you lie down). A dog is forbidden to do a thing by words which, if literally translated, or if applied to a man tell him to do it. ūyŏriūñ, don't fight with him (literally 'fight him'); nĕrkĭksran parkittūtin--you have found something you must not eat (lit. 'you have found something meant for you to eat'). Kĭ, kĭ, kĭlamĭk (literally, come, hurry up!) is often used by my Eskimo to dogs who will not stand still when their pack is being fixed. It really equals our 'be quiet.' "

21: Hearne--274-275 (1771) 1797 Copper Eskimo
231

"These people had a fine breed of dogs, with sharp erect ears, sharp noses and bushy tails. They were all tied to stones, probably to prevent them from eating the fish that was spread out to dry on the rocks. The Indians did not meddle with those animals; but after they had retired, lamented they had not brought off some of them for use."

CONTINUED
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Figure 148. Bone skewers for closing wounds in seals.
IV.D.719. 2/3.

Figure 149. Toggles for leading a dog.
IV.D.155. 1/2.

225 415 412

All sealers carried these bone skewers stuck in a strip of skin, but not all of them burdened themselves with a bag and a spare harpoon. Lacking the bag, they merely cut a hole in the strip of skin for slipping it over the coat button.

225 231 412

Toggle for Leading Dog. Figure 149 illustrates the usual toggle for leading a dog to the sealing ground. In principle it is the same as the toggle on the harness. The rigid parts are of bone, antler, or musk-ox horn; the cord and strap, of sealskin or caribou leg sinew. The broad loop hung over the sealer's wrist, and the small toggle buttoned into the loop at the end of the dog trace. There was no variation except in size, and no ornamentation.

225 412 [B21] [285] [492] [531]

Toggles for Hauling Seals. Toggles for hauling seals were indistinguishable from women's belt toggles (*See* page 50). Like most of the latter they were made of bone, antler, or musk-ox horn, nearly always the first, measured between 2½ and 4 inches from tip to tip, and had the shape of a crescent that tapered towards each end. Two ends of a short cord of sealskin, or more usually of plaited sinew, were passed through the hole and knotted to form a loop (Figure 150). The sealer threaded the toggle through a hole in the seal's mouth, passed it back through the loop and attached it to the trace of his dog, which then dragged the carcass home.

Sealing toggles, like other bone implements, were often ornamented with incised lines. These will be discussed in another place.

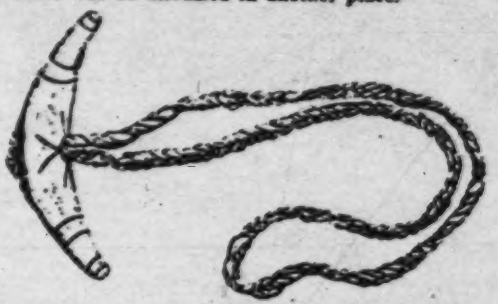

Figure 150. Toggle for hauling seals. IV.D.197. 1/2.

LAND HUNTING EQUIPMENT

Bows and Arrows

411 321 322 284

Most bows were made from three pieces of spruce wood, a middle piece and two "horns," joined together with the usual "cleft" or V splice (Figure 151b). Bows made from a single piece of wood were comparatively rare (Figure 151a), though one, owned by a 6-foot Tree River native, was stronger than any of the three-piece weapons. From the eastern end of Coronation Gulf came a few bows built up from musk-ox horn, caribou antler, or both materials combined (Figure 152), indicating a dearth of suitable wood in that region. In one of them, two pieces of musk-ox horn have been joined wth a cleft splice, but elsewhere in this bow, and in all other bows of horn or antler, the makers have used the less difficult scarfed splice, and strengthened it in places with copper or iron rivets. A few wooden bows have scarfed joints also, but they are mostly small weapons for women and children.

411 284 231 [283]

Because dry spruce has little tensility and easily fractures, every bow was strengthened with a score or more strands of braided sinew[1] that extended along the whole back and passed around the nocks (Figure 151). Some hunters

[1] One bow, a small one for a woman or child, has thongs of rawhide, presumably from west of Alaska.

492 [281] traces 15 to 40 feet long that looped over the sled toggle and could all be released simultaneously. The harness, shaped as in Figure 178a, was of skin, nearly always the leg skins of the caribou with the hair left on. The loops that passed around the dog's forelegs joined across the shoulders and again below the throat, usually by short yokes, to produce a loop for the head. Two strips of skin then ran backward from the neck yoke, and one from each leg loop ran upward, their ends coming together, in a properly fitted harness, just over the root of the tail, where they were lashed in pairs with rawhide and the rawhide [321] fastened to a slot in the pin of the trace toggle. This trace toggle (Figure 178b), made of bone, antler, or musk-ox horn, invariably contained two parts, a pin knobbed in the rear and slotted in front, and a square plaque with one large round hole in the middle for the insertion of the pin, and a smaller hole in each of the four corners for the attachment of the trace. The pin turned freely in the plaque and kept the trace untwisted however often the dog rolled over and over on its back; and the knob at one end, the rawhide lashing at the other, held it securely in place.

[321] →

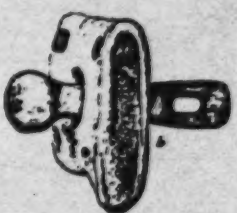

Figure 178. Dog harness, a, complete harness, IV.D.818, 1/16; b, bone swivel for the trace, IV.D.193, 3/4.

When not in use harnesses were commonly stored on the roofs of the snow-houses but in summer the dogs wore them continually, for the long traces served to hold on the back-packs, and, in camp, to attach the animals to stones. Often their hungry wearers tore them to shreds; or the harnesses broke and were [281] patched together again. In one such emergency a woman devised a makeshift harness from a broad strip of sealskin; she slit it in three places, inserted the dog's head through the middle slit and a leg through each of the other two, tied the corners of the skin to the trace, and started the day's journey undismayed.

483 The harness worn by the Eskimo himself when hauling on the sled had a similar trace to the dog harness, and was hitched to the sled toggle in the same manner, but it consisted merely of a broad band of sealskin, less often caribou skin, that passed over the chest, and was lashed to the end of the trace without any intervening toggle (Figure 179). Women and children pulled in front of 492 the dogs, men behind. The Copper Eskimo did not use whips, but the men often urged on their teams with walking-sticks. Most families had only from two to • 231 three dogs, none more than five, owing to the difficulty of feeding the animals.

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ings for us, stand shyly inside the doorway, kicking their feet together restlessly as though knocking off the snow. Every one is tired after the day's journey, and as soon as the meal is ended strips off his clothes, tucks them under his head for a pillow, and glides into a sleeping-bag of caribou fur. Mrs. Light is the last to retire, for she still has some small duties to perform. She calls in the dogs from the passageway, one by one, throws them a few strips of blubber, and drives them out with the snow-duster, a short stick for beating the snow from our garments. Then she adjusts the lamp for the night, turns our boots and mittens so that they will dry on both sides, fits the snow-block into the doorway to keep out the cold air and the dogs, and slips quickly into her husband's "double" bag of caribou fur. Most of the inmates sleep with their mouths open, and their loud snores reverberating inside the hut drown the less resonant notes of the dogs in the passage.

Leaving Putulik, I rejoined my late acquaintances on Victoria Island. The sun no longer climbed above the horizon, and the "day" was limited to the twilight hours from 9:30 A.M. to 2:30 P.M.; but a bright moon lit up the trail for me during the last three hours of the journey. The tribe was still living in the same settlement, for the women had not completed all the new fur clothes their families required during the winter months, and it would violate one of their most rigid taboos to finish the sewing on the sea-ice,

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In these and other ways they showed a greater familiarity with the customs of the white man than the natives of Dolphin and Union Strait. We found even more astounding evidences of contact with Europeans when we visited their snow-huts.

The village itself differed slightly from the usual type, the houses being arranged in line and separated by considerable intervals; normally they lie in a cluster, in order that no evil spirits may harm the inmates as they wander in the darkness from one hut to another. Johansen and I began our tour at one end, and dropped a trail of matches and needles along the line to show our appreciation of the scraps of blubber, meat, and fish with which each housewife paid us tribute. The last hut was also the largest. A dance-house framed the entrance, and half a dozen dogs, twice the usual number, squabbled in the passage, indicating that the occupant was a man of influence in his community. We brushed the dogs aside, and crawled on hands and knees through the low doorway at the inner end. Seated in state on his sleeping-platform was Knife, by repute the shrewdest Eskimo, and the most powerful medicine-man, in this section of the country; and on each side of him, supporting his dignity, sat a wife, the one chosen for her beauty, the other for her skill in hunting. He smiled a welcome as we entered, and, with a haughty gesture of his hand, motioned the younger woman to give us her seat.

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342 The Tormiat from the Great Sound did not arrive on the morrow. Instead, from their country came a blustering snow-storm that swirled and eddied around our camp for thirty-six hours. The wretched wind-breaks behind which the Eskimos crouched for shelter blew down in five minutes. My tent alone stood firm. It was 6¼ feet long, 5 feet wide, and 4 feet high, admirably adapted for one man, but a trifle small when Ikpuck and Icehouse shared it with me, as they did from now until autumn. Small or not, it was the only shelter that presented itself. While the men were building low walls of snow-blocks, and roofing them with sticks and skins into the semblance of dwellings, the women and children huddled inside my tent, one on top of another, and on top of Ikpuck and me, until the blizzard outside would have seemed a zephyr had we been able to reach it. But the door was blocked by a solid wall of humanity encased in fur, and the back of the tent was sewn to the floor-strips. Like bees in the centre of a hanging swarm, we almost suffocated; but we were warm.

• 231 The dogs howled all through the night, a big, grey-haired scoundrel being the worst offender. Icehouse, who had named it after her grandfather, yelled to it unceasingly, "Lie down there, my grandfather. You have done no work today. You have been well fed. Have you no bottom to your stomach?" The Eskimos in the neighbouring tents shouted every time they heard

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her voice. During brief lulls she complained to Ikpuck that the dogs were keeping his "son" awake. He merely rolled over in his bag and growled sleepily.

She sympathized with me the next day. "Grandfather was incorrigible last night, my adopted son. Did you hear him?" "Yes, Icehouse," I answered. "And I dreamed I heard your voice also. Were you talking?" The old lady laughed merrily. She dearly loved a joke, even at her own expense.

When the storm died away in the early morning Leaf left her shelter to seek some frozen caribou meat for breakfast. Far out on the lake she saw black specks in motion, and borrowed my binoculars to examine them. Her excited shout, "The Tormiat are coming, the Tormiat are coming," awakened the whole camp. We dressed in haste. Jennie, my little "sister," ran forward to meet them and assure them that we were friendly, while the rest of us lined up on the bank overlooking the lake to accord them a formal welcome.

The party drew nearer, and we distinguished two men and one woman, the latter carrying a small baby on her back. Cries of disappointment arose; instead of the thirty or forty visitors we had been expecting, here was only one family. True, a second family arrived a few hours later, but all the other Tormiat had gone far to the north-east, whither it was now impossible to follow them by sled. The wave of disappointment passed quickly, and every one was cheer-

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Every morning at daybreak the hunters departed for the sealing-grounds.

[p. 128-F]

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Weighted down with heavy packs, stumbling over a trackless land to a new fishing-lake in the hope of breaking their fast before another sleep.

[P 128-H]

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Our party split up each morning and drifted in different directions, each person carrying a fishing outfit, and the men their hunting weapons. Nine or ten hours later the women straggled back with their fish, bearing also, in fine weather, loads of dryads to cook the evening meal. They cut off the heads of the fish for the cooking-pots, threw the backbones and fins to the dogs, and spread the bodies on boulders, or across horizontal poles to dry in the sun. The whole party then reassembled an hour or two before midnight, and, squatting outside the tents, gnawed the fish-heads, bone by bone, and discussed the day's adventures. The hungry dogs looked on with mournful eyes; tied to stones, they dined miserably on bones and broth.

I hunted, most of this period, to obtain caribou meat for my starving dog-team, but during a fortnight's steady tramping saw but two young bulls, which we consumed entirely in three days. The stony ridges cut to pieces my light sealskin boots, intended only for soft snow, and Icehouse, who had tried to patch them each evening, finally rebelled. "Stop hunting for a time," she said. "Your boots are wrecked beyond repair, and caribou will be scarce until the warmer weather comes and the mosquitoes drive them near our camps. Stop hunting, and I will make you new boots with stouter soles for the summer months."

It was not only my boots that troubled her. She believed that an evil demon, haunting the hills to the

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222 415 [137] women and children gathered large quantities of these seeds, stuffing them into small bags of the strangest varieties and materials. Some were worn-out stockings of squirrel or caribou fur; two were made from the membranes that had lined the hearts of our polar bears; but the most curious of all were bottle-shaped pouches sewn from the webbed feet of red-throated loons. Whatever their shape, all alike found their way into the dog-packs, where they added one more item to our varied impedimenta.

484 Our loads had increased considerably since those early days in August when, leaving the hills, we had [231] commenced this ceaseless quest of caribou. Icehouse, it is true, had no longer two small puppies tearing at the back of her hair while ostensibly nestling in the hood of her jacket; they were sturdy urchins now, able to keep pace with the other dogs and to steal the meat [251] from our packs. But in addition to her usual burden [482] she carried fifteen pounds of tallow, her share of the caribou back fat that the women had boiled down for [482] ease of transport. Each man had several green caribou hides rolled round his pack, and Ikpuck and The Runner bore the two bear skins, which alone weighed [126] upward of fifty pounds. My own pack was unchanged save for two extra caribou hides, and an increase in the thickness of my herbarium from two inches to six.

775 Late one afternoon, as we skirted the edge of a lake, we came to an old camping-site where a woman's knife,

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136 forward and disappeared from view at the head of the valley.

231 The season produced a change even in our dogs. They had lived in harmony throughout the summer, but now jealousy invaded their ranks, and nearly every day witnessed a battle. There were two ringleaders, an old dog so peaceable that we had thought him cowardly, and my good-natured team-leader Tellurak, whom I had never known to start a fight. Tellurak, unlike the other dogs, incurred no risk of injury, for the matted coat of long frizzly hair that enveloped him from head to foot, almost concealing his beady eyes, made him invulnerable to every adversary. If an unfortunate dog did pounce upon him it backed away immediately with a mass of hair between its teeth, and disturbed the camp for several hours with its violent coughs and sneezes.

Tellurak was my team-leader, from necessity only, not because of his outstanding qualities. In dogs as in men, the true leader is born, not made; training may increase his gifts, it cannot produce them. He must possess the intelligence to understand his master's commands, and the will to obey them without question; for the dog that understands, but hesitates to obey, causes more calamities than the numskull. He must be strong and brave, ready at all times to discipline his own team and to champion it against its enemies. More than all, he must possess, both in har-

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ness and out of it, a natural authority over the other dogs. Tellurak was strong and brave; he understood, partially at least, the words of command, though from sheer rascality he often disobeyed; but he had no prestige among his team-mates, and wielded less authority than the old bull caribou in the herd. Jumbo, my leader on the trip up the Coppermine River, was a dog of another calibre. In the heat of a chase he halted at my command and checked the whole team behind him; and at feeding time, when every other animal was fighting for its portion, he would quietly devour his share on the outskirts of the fray, growling away marauders twice as powerful as himself. Dogs that had not seen him before recognized his authority. He followed me once to the snow-hut of an Eskimo, whose five dogs, the fiercest in the camp, rushed out to drive him away. Jumbo stood tense, his head and tail erect, his fangs bared in a warning snarl. When they checked their wild onrush in surprise, he disdained even to glance at them, but marched haughtily through their midst into the sanctum of their home; the discomfited "huskies" (Eskimo dogs) dropped their tails and slunk in behind him. Jumbo was a born general whose authority showed in every movement; but quaint, affectionate, hard-working Tellurak should never have risen above an aide-de-camp.

The tide of migrating caribou spent itself within a

29: Jenness E-5 (1914-1916) 1959
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Christianity with its emphasis on the value of the individual soul has failed to eradicate it entirely in civilized countries. The Eskimos knew nothing of obstetrics or "child welfare," nothing of any branch of medicine; and the mother received little consideration, according to our standards, before and after her child was born. Instead of resting quietly at home, relieved of her heaviest duties and concentrating on the care of her babe, she performed all her usual tasks up to the moment of parturition, and resumed them within a few hours of delivery. Until the child gained strength to walk alone she carried it everywhere on her back, from morning till night, except when a brief respite from work permitted her to lay it among the bed-skins and personally watch over its safety; the ravenous dogs would make short shrift of an infant left unguarded within the hut or tent. On long winter marches she sometimes wrapped it in warm caribou robes and lashed it on top of the sled; but in summer it rode on her back-pack, which was not lightened in any way to compensate for the additional load. Then there was its food. Cow's milk and cereals did not exist for these Eskimos, and no babe could survive on fish and flesh, the only foods the country yielded. When the child began to walk it might swallow a morsel or two of seal or caribou meat well masticated by the parents, but for three years and even longer

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857 end of each day's march insisted on performing all the duties that her mother would have undertaken in the [372] same circumstances. She gathered fuel for our campfire while Patsy and I put up the tent, and she superintended, as far as she knew how, the cooking of the [291] evening meal. Then she dried our marching boots [296] (for we changed to slippers each evening), and, before breakfast, patched any holes that the stones might have [224] cut in their soles the day before. She shot an eider [226] duck along the way with Patsy's rifle, and if we had needed fish would have contrived some means of catching them, where Patsy and I might have failed. Altogether, her education was remarkably adapted to the country in which she lived, even though the three R's were not included in the curriculum.

231 There now befell us an accident, of a kind that in an Arctic winter often leads to serious disaster, but in our circumstances caused only embarrassment. One of our two dogs, prowling with its pack beside a cliff, became wedged in a crevice, and in trying to extricate itself lacerated its foot on a sharp rock. I bandaged the wound with a strip of skin and lightened the animal's load, but it was so crippled that it could hardly keep pace with us. We could not abandon it, nor, if we remained with it, could we hope to reach our destination. To our great relief, however, we found two families of Eskimos camping at the mouth of a small creek, who promised to take charge

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of the dog for a few days in return for a small butcher-knife.

Shoals of salmon (or, to speak more correctly, salmon-trout), numbering from ten to forty fish in each shoal, had migrated up this stream to spawn in a lake at its source; and a little later in the season young fry, two years old, would migrate from the lake to the sea. The natives captured them by a very simple and effective method. They had built three barriers of stones across the stream, leaving narrow openings in the two that lay nearest the sea and completely closing the highest; whenever a shoal gathered in the upper chamber they blocked its entrance and stabbed the struggling fish with long, three-pointed spears. Nearly a hundred salmon, each weighing from three to twelve pounds, lay spread out on flat boulders around the camp, or hung from horizontal poles; and as many more were cached away under piles of stones. The migration seemed now to have ended, and the two families planned to go inland in search of caribou as soon as they could store away the fish that were still undried.

A larger band of Eskimos who were camped behind Cape Krusenstern had built their weir, not at the mouth of a stream, but in a shallower spot three miles inland near its outlet from a lake. Four and even six shoals of salmon had been ascending each day during the peak of the migration, and a fish that once entered the trap rarely escaped. The shoals then gradually

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123 They then offered us several of their finest prizes and entreated us to stay a few days longer, probably hoping for a continuance of their good luck; but I could not linger. We distributed a few needles and matches among them, and departed while their expressions of goodwill still rang in our ears.

136 This renewal of the salmon migration occurred everywhere along the coast, reaching the two families [123] that were taking care of my dog. Apparently it was an unusual phenomenon, for they, too, ascribed it to my intervention. When I had left them they had shouted after me to "will" that more fish should enter their stream. More fish had come, several shoals of [231] them and they were deeply grateful. So they showered their gratitude on the dog, which was so gorged with fat salmon that it could hardly rise to its feet to welcome us.

226 The natives who had been camping close to the station had moved away when the first run of the salmon ended, and only Ikpuck and Icehouse remained in possession of their stream. My parents themselves were about to abandon it when the second run started and deluged them with its rapid succession of shoals, four and even five in one day. Husband and wife toiled incessantly for a week, cleaning and drying the fish and 261 storing them away under piles of stones. Never before had they gathered so abundant a supply against the early winter months, when the caribou disappeared to